

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1878.

The Week.

THE dead-lock in the House over the Potter resolution was not broken till Friday, when the Democrats succeeded in making a quorum and a majority together, and so carried their point. On Wednesday, Mr. Wood got the Senate resolution on final adjournment postponed for consideration till May 29, and the Potter resolution was then ineffectually voted for by his party. On Thursday, the result was the same, but the proceedings were varied by a proposal from Mr. Banks that the struggle should be suspended till Saturday, in order to attend to public business while the Democratic side was recruiting. Mr. Potter would not entertain the motion, nor would he allow Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, to be heard on behalf of Mr. Hale's obnoxious amendment. On Friday, Mr. Potter began to force a conclusion by shutting the doors and calling on the sergeant-at-arms to arrest delinquent members, and in this way finally the tale was completed, the only enlivening episode being the challenge of Mr. Goode's right to vote on the ground that he was paired with a Republican. Defeated in the House, the Republicans issued their protest to the country through their Congressional Committee, charging their adversaries with intent, "under the pretence of an investigation, to lay the foundation for the revolutionary expulsion of the President from his office." On Saturday there was an interesting debate on the Army Appropriation Bill, which was expounded by Mr. Hewitt and carefully analyzed and forcibly opposed by Mr. McCook, one of his colleagues from New York. The debate on Tuesday was significant only for the number of speakers who protested against the use of the army as a national police in times of public disorder. The Senate passed on Friday a bill providing an extra judge for the Iowa District, and on Monday took up the bill to appoint General Shields a Brigadier-General on the retired list. Mr. Sargent moved an amendment providing for the appointment of Ulysses S. Grant as General on the retired list, with full rank, pay, etc., and this obtained the support even of some of the Democrats, who were bent, as Mr. Edmunds well said—referring to their rejection of General Shields as doorkeeper of the House—on rectifying a party mistake. But the bill thus amended was defeated on Tuesday by 34 to 30.

The composition of the Investigating Committee is, on the whole, a fair one. The members are Messrs. Potter of New York, Morrison of Illinois, Hunton of Virginia, MacMahon of Ohio, Stenger of Pennsylvania, Cobb of Indiana, Blackburn of Kentucky, Cox of Ohio, Butler of Massachusetts, Reed of Maine, and Hiscock of New York. They are all, with the exception of Butler, men of high character, though some are bitter partisans; but it may be safely said that the country will regard Messrs. Potter's and Cox's presence on the Committee as a guarantee that there will be no jugglery or pettifoggery, or that if there is any we shall know of it. The four Republican members are generally accepted in Washington as an excellent representation of the party, both as regards its honesty, acuteness, and rascality. An enquiry in which the tricky element in it was not represented would not give satisfaction, but with General Butler to appear for them even the Chandlers cannot complain.

Mr. Hayes is said to have at last evinced some signs of mental disturbance in the presence of the Democratic investigation, being much impressed with the rapidity with which the party has been driven into support of it, and thinking that this readiness "to wheel into line" may indicate the approach of some more serious trouble. But it seems very unlikely that if an attack on his title were really meditated this readiness would have been displayed, considering what we know of the views of the bulk of Democratic Congressmen.

They have undoubtedly gone over in the belief that they will get "capital" out of the investigation for the fall elections. If there has been nothing wrong, is it not better, on the whole, that General Noyes, Mr. Sherman, General Garfield, Mr. Conkling, and the rest who are accused in the matter, or say they know something about it, should be examined thoroughly, and an end be put once for all to the gossip which has been so long flying about? It must be remembered that within the last six months a member of the Republican National Committee, and one of the most active managers of the Republican canvass, has declared that there was a bargain of some kind between Mr. Hayes's friends and the Returning Boards; that two Republican canvassers have made quasi-confessions of fraud; and that one "great Senator," also Republican, has announced his knowledge of something "infamous" on Mr. Hayes's part. It seems as if all these things take away the appearance of absolute wantonness from the Democratic move; they may not prevent its proving futile and foolish. Mr. Sherman has opened the contest by a letter to Mr. Potter, traversing every charge made against him, directly or indirectly, in the most unqualified terms.

A striking illustration of the slightly maniacal state of mind about the Democrats in which many Republicans keep themselves, and which has more to do with hindering reform both within and without the party than most people imagine, has just been afforded by the usually staid and ever faithful *Boston Advertiser* in treating the Potter investigation. It sees in this investigation a determination to oust Mr. Hayes and disband the army. This done, there is to be "a rising of the sovereign people" under three illustrious leaders, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who are "to suppress the revolution against law and order," and in the course of this suppression, the result of which, the writer prudently remarks, "no one can foretell," there is to be a fight in "every State, city, and school district in the country." From this he says "anarchy might result." We should think so; anarchy at least. Now, this is the kind of talk about America and American government that one might expect from a European despot to one of his effeminate nobles when taking his evening foot-bath in the warm blood of one of his serfs; but if it was reported as coming from him, how we should all laugh at him and pity the poor noble. Is it not time for Republicans to stop telling the world that the stability of this Government depends on one party keeping in power, and that if the other party uses its constitutional right to do things the minority dislikes, red ruin will rage through our now smiling and exuberant prairies and blue hills, and the furniture in all our "elegant parlors" be broken up to roast the babies of the land? It looks sometimes in politics as if our leading alienists were not doing their duty.

The platform which the Republican Convention in Pennsylvania has just adopted is a good illustration of the difficulties which the party has to contend with in the national field, and why the illustrious Cameron of Wisconsin declares that what it aims at is "Evolution." The Pennsylvanians, as might be expected, declare their hostility to free-trade; utter the usual seesaw about the relations of labor and capital; call for Government "fostering" and "development" for all kinds of "commerce" and "home enterprise"; demand the public lands for the "industrious poor"; denounce Southern claims and discriminating rates of freight; express sympathy with white and black Southern Republicans, and endorse Governor Hartranft's administration. If we take the tariff plank out of the platform, there is, however, little left for a political party to plant itself on. Everybody wants capital and labor to be reconciled, commerce and industry to be developed. Southern Republicans to have their rights; but what is it exactly which the Government ought to do about these matters? To this question the party as such has no definite answer. Then the platform utterly ignores the two topics which are just now most seriously and properly occupy-

ing the public mind. It says nothing about the Government's relations to the currency, and nothing about the mode of electing the President. So that after reading it one gets no very clear idea of what the Republican party is.

Mr. Evarts has communicated to Congress the views of the Administration on the Canadian Fisheries Award. After reciting the facts which led to the appointment of the Commission, he draws attention to the circumstance that the Canadian Minister of Justice, Mr. Blake, declared in March, 1874, in a speech, that the award would have, under the terms of the Treaty of Washington, to be unanimous, and that the same view was taken in July of the same year by the *London Times*. Congress may, therefore, Mr. Evarts thinks, either waive or insist upon the objection of want of unanimity; but, in the absence of any Congressional declaration on the subject, the Executive will not consider it its duty to raise the point in any discussion with the British Government. But if Congress should, in making an appropriation, direct that the attention of the British Government should be called to the point, the payment of the sum might be made dependent on Great Britain's positively maintaining that unanimity was not necessary; but he would not advise our refusing to pay on this ground, in the absence of British concurrence. He shows the excessiveness of the award by a statement of the facts which have been already set forth in these columns. The sum and substance of them is that we are condemned to pay \$5,500,000 for twelve years' use of a thing for which in perpetuity the American High Commissioners, in framing the Treaty of Washington, were only willing to offer \$1,000,000, and which the evidence taken before the Fisheries Commission really showed not to have yielded more than \$25,000 a year profit to the United States during the last five years. It is an easy deduction from this that the award cannot furnish a permanent measure of value, and that this consideration ought to be urged on the British Government as a very good reason for consenting to such a modification in the award as will make it the basis of a final settlement between the two countries.

We suggested some weeks ago in these columns that the holders of repudiated State bonds had one means of redress open to them still untried—the assumption of the claims by their own States, followed by suits in the Supreme Court. This plan has been partly carried into effect by the Legislature which has just adjourned at Albany. A bill has been passed by both Houses allowing holders of repudiated bonds to assign them to the State, and permitting suit to be brought in the name of the State, the expenses being borne in all cases by the owners of the securities. The bill only covers bonds held by citizens of New York, and leaves the assignment in the discretion of the Attorney-General. A vigorous opposition will probably be made to the signature of the bill by the Governor, but we trust he will not be affected by it. The only objections made in the Legislature to the measure were that it converted the State into a claim agency—an objection curiously illustrating the potency of mere words on the political imagination. There is, of course, a certain amount of odium clinging to the occupation of a claim agent, partly owing to the fact that many claim agents are dishonest, and there would be a certain amount of degradation in a State's going into the business of collecting claims for profit. But this is precisely what the bill does not contemplate. It no more makes the State a claim agent than the prosecution of the *Alabama* claims or the French claims or the Spanish claims for its citizens made the United States a claim agent. The bill should become a law, if only to teach repudiating communities that the people whom they have swindled mean to exhaust all their legal resources to protect themselves. When it has become a law there are a great number of legal questions involved which the Supreme Court is amply able to dispose of.

The seizure and investigation of certain distilleries and rectifying-houses in Cincinnati by revenue officers have led to a repetition of

the request made some two weeks ago by the Secretary of the Treasury for the resignation of Collector Louis Weitzel. Mr. Weitzel, hastily assuming that the call for his resignation had some connection with alleged whiskey frauds in his district, refused to resign. Secretary Sherman disabused his mind of any such suspicion, and gave him a "character" of which any collector ought to be proud, but still insisted on the resignation. Mr. Weitzel then drew the unjust inference that if the Washington authorities did not take him for a knave they must take him for a fool, an imputation which he felt bound to resent even more strenuously. Accordingly, he reiterated his determination to hold on. The investigation to determine in which category, if either, Mr. Weitzel belongs is now in progress, and one of the discoveries is that the collector's official bond was made up and signed by five wealthy distillers and liquor-dealers. The particular charge brought against Cincinnati as a distilling centre is that of "liberal gauging," by which it is alleged that two to three dollars per barrel have been lost to the Government, according to the liberality of the gauger. This charge dates back to the whiskey war of 1875, at which time Revenue Agent Yaryan reported to Commissioner Pratt that the complaints of other cities against "the liberal gauge" of Cincinnati were, in his judgment, well founded, and that the Government must have lost in this way more than \$100,000 per annum. He added his opinion that Collector Weitzel was responsible for this condition of affairs, and that it would not be corrected while he (Weitzel) remained in office. Anticipating this report, the collector induced his brother, Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, to write to President Grant that Collector Weitzel was "one of nature's noblemen, and as honest a man as ever the sun shone on." It followed, of course, that "liberal gauging" was not practised in Cincinnati to any harmful extent. So when Secretary Bristow forwarded Yaryan's report to the White House the President declared that he should pay no attention to it, being convinced that Collector Weitzel's record was stainless. The censorious Yaryan was shortly afterward removed from office, and what disgrace came upon Bristow for his connection with these proceedings is known to everybody.

Although \$35,000,000 is the full amount of United States 4½ per cent. bonds which the Syndicate have taken from the Treasury on the \$50,000,000 negotiation of April 11, nevertheless engagements have been made for the sale by the Syndicate of nearly \$40,000,000 of these bonds, and the time when a formal subscription will be made for the untaken \$15,000,000 depends wholly on the convenience, in the matter of settlement, of the Syndicate. It is safe, therefore, to assume that the Treasury has secured the additional \$50,000,000 of gold coin which was deemed necessary before resumption, and several months in advance of the appointed time for resumption. The New York banks held during the week ending April 13 (the Syndicate contract having been signed on the 11th) an average of \$35,486,900 specie; last week they held an average of only \$23,030,200 specie. The legal-tender note average advanced during the same time from \$28,666,100 to \$41,020,100. The latter change has no significance so far as the bond sales are concerned, but does show why the money market has not been unfavorably affected by the withdrawal to the Treasury of so much gold from the reserve of the banks. Nearly three times as much gold as has been lost by the banks in the last five weeks will, however, be returned to them in the early future in the form of interest on the public debt; so that there is no reason for apprehending serious disturbance on account of the large bond subscriptions. In London there has been a buoyant market for English and Russian securities, on account of what is regarded as the more peaceful outlook. United States bonds also have been very strong, and the combined influence of the foreign members of the Syndicate has very decidedly changed the tone of the London market for our securities. It is hoped that this is more than a temporary change such as can be made by skilful manipulation backed by ample means. Silver has ruled at 53½d. to 53¼d. to 53½d. per oz. At the close of the week the bullion value in New York of the new dollar was \$0.9049 gold. The United States legal-

tender note for one dollar had a gold value at the close of the week of \$0.9913.

The Fenians appear to be practising on the Canadians again, and are helped by the local papers along the border, who transmit "the scare" with fidelity, and report Fenian gatherings and movements of Fenians and appearances of "strange men" at a hundred points from the Atlantic to the Wilderness. The Canadian militia are consequently holding themselves in readiness, and "prominent Irishmen" are being interviewed by the reporters, and are observing a solemn and ominous silence. There is not the least reason for supposing that there is any movement on foot which will go beyond marauding, or which it would not be ridiculous to meet with troops; but there probably are movements in contemplation that will stimulate the flagging liberality of the servant-girls, and give a parcel of lazy rascals an opportunity for a drinking picnic free of expense in the neighborhood of the Canadian frontier. It is hard to suppose that the sense of shame has never existed among Irish patriots, but it is difficult to reconcile its existence with the continuance and activity of the Fenian organization. A fighting organization that never fights, and is maintained by the pennies of the very poor, and officered by persons with no visible means of support, is, surely, the most ridiculous and discreditable manifestation of love of country the world has yet seen. The most degraded and cowardly of the subject races have never yet got up anything like it.

The activity of the Russians in purchasing vessels in our waters for use against British commerce, in case of war, has begun to attract a great deal of attention in England. A curious criticism on the present condition of international law between the two countries is made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The objection which has been felt to the "three rules" on this side of the water has been that they were too stringent. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that they are not stringent enough, and complains that, owing to the fact that they do not come into operation until a state of war actually exists, there is nothing to prevent a nation like Russia, while peace lasts, from getting ready, in the waters of a friendly power, a whole fleet of cruisers which may be far at sea by the time that an actual declaration of war brings the "three rules" into operation. In other words, the *Pall Mall Gazette* would have neutral obligations in force always, and make them as effective to prevent the escape of *Alabamas* in time of peace as in time of war. But our neutrality acts are in force at one time as much as another, and the question is whether they do not already apply to the fitting-out of cruisers in our waters. Under them, to prevent the escape of an *Alabama*, the English Government must be able to show that the intention of Russia was to fit her out, not in general anticipation of war, but with a definite intention that she should be used against a particular power. Both Russia and England deny emphatically that they now intend to make war on each other, and the preparations on both sides would, no doubt, be made whether their professions were hypocritical or not.

The cotton strikes in England, in spite of the calm, rational tone of the written discussion between the mill-owners and the operatives, have been attended by very destructive riots, the burning of factories and wrecking of private houses, and the troops have had to be called out. The outbreak has undoubtedly been due to the exasperating refusal of the employers to submit to arbitration, which they justify by declaring that with their knowledge of the conditions of their business, in which no arbitrators could equal or surpass them, they are confident that an adverse decision would ruin them. The strike is a very peculiar one, as the men are willing to submit to a still greater reduction of wages than the masters propose, but they demand that it shall be accompanied by a serious change of policy. The masters say that the depression is due to the loss of certain markets owing to increased foreign competition, which must be met by a diminution in the cost of production. The men deny the effect of foreign competition, and say the depression is due simply to injudicious over-production, and are willing to live

on half-wages for a while if the owners will only work half-time, so as to diminish the existing supply of goods. To which the owners reply that this is demanding a transfer of the control of the business to the operatives, and the conduct of it on principles which they (the owners) believe would prove disastrous, and they must, therefore, resist or perish.

The debate on Lord Hartington's resolution condemning the introduction of the Indian troops into Europe without the consent of Parliament is pending at this writing, the Ministry having met it by an amendment declaring that "as the control of Parliament over the military forces of the Crown is fully secured by the provisions of law, and by the power of voting the supplies, it is inexpedient to pass any resolution tending to weaken the hands of the Government at this juncture." The debate is reported as being very languid, owing, doubtless, to the feeling that, in spite of the strong interest the matter has excited, the discussion will have no practical result. But the gravity of the question is acknowledged on all sides. The conduct of the Government in keeping such a step secret, particularly when it promised to add nearly \$5,000,000 to the military budget, is generally condemned or only feebly defended: it has alarmed some Liberals as a dextrous attempt towards that extension of the personal power in the Government in which Beaconsfield's main strength lies, and which has been advocated and foreshadowed in a recent remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review*; it promises to make a larger army than ever necessary in India, which, however, Indian finances cannot support, and it promises to put British supremacy in India more than ever before in the power of the native troops, and this at a moment when the Council has just passed a rigid censorship act for the purpose of restraining the treasonable utterances of the native press.

Still the Liberals do make headway. They have carried the borough of Reading by an increased majority, though, as might have been expected, they have been defeated heavily in the University of Oxford, where, however, the candidate did not take very strong anti-war ground. The country parsons who come up in considerable force for an exciting election are generally Conservative in their sympathies at the present crisis. Mr. Bright has delivered another of those marvellous speeches of his, in which almost every weapon of oratory may be found in high perfection, making the bitterest attack on the Ministers which the crisis has yet called forth. He was almost ferocious in his allusions to Lord Beaconsfield, recalling his forty years of indifference to every generous movement which has been made in English politics during that period, and closing with the remark that "he had not a drop of English blood in his veins." The Liberals cannot get over the feeling that the country is being used to realize the gorgeous dreams of a romantic Jew, who has no real sympathy with it.

Of the actual condition of the negotiations nothing more is known than last week. Count Shuvaloff has left St. Petersburg on his way back to London, stopping at Berlin long enough to give rise to the rumor that England and Russia had agreed on certain points, and on others were to refer their differences to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany. At Constantinople there is nothing new beyond somewhat menacing movements of the Russian troops under Todleben around Constantinople, which make the Turks fear a *coup de main*, but which he says are simply designed to secure him a better position in case he has to defend himself. The relations of Russia with Rumania are not improved, the Czar, apparently, continuing inexorable about the slice of Bessarabia; but Servia is armed and ready for the fray, her head full of Slavism and the old Servian Empire. The Germans still take only a subordinate interest in the war, owing to the excitements of home politics. The Government proposes sternly repressive legislation against the Socialists, which it is supposed the Liberals will modify, and there is more or less uneasiness on the Ultramontane question, caused by rumors of the resignation of Dr. Falk, the author and administrator of the celebrated anti-papal laws.

"FRAUD" AND THE "BLOODY SHIRT."

THE performances of the last few days at Washington are only important as regards their probable or possible effect on the business interests of the country. That they have any political gravity nobody seriously believes. We have no doubt that any of the Democratic chiefs would smile, and expect you to smile, if he were to begin telling you in a private room about the evidence he expects to discover against Mr. Hayes and the "visiting statesmen"; and the Republican chiefs would smile, too, if asked in confidence whether they really believed that the Potter investigation was a "revolutionary movement" or the beginning of a "new rebellion." The manœuvring and counter-manœuvring, the voting and the refraining from voting, and the passionate objurgations on both sides, are really preparations for the fall canvass, and the aim of both is not to oust Mr. Hayes or bring Mr. Hayes to justice, nor yet to save our Government from "Mexicanization," so much as to stir up the slumbering voter and bring him early to the polls. If the honest and industrious men of both parties who are not actually engaged in working "the mechanism of government" are imposed upon by this sword-play, and their returning activity in business is checked, it will undoubtedly do great mischief; but there are several weighty reasons why they should not concern themselves about it to which we ask their attention.

It must be borne in mind that the Democratic party is no better off as regards reasons for existing than the Republican party—that is to say, the things which it once defended have ceased to be, and it has adopted and made its own most of the things it once attacked. It is rent by internal dissensions, and has no body of doctrine on any subject to which the bulk of its members adhere. The principal difference between it and the Republican party just now is that it contains a larger proportion of the baser and more ignorant element of the population, and is ready to go somewhat further than the Republican party in order to satisfy this element, either by legislation directed against capital or by attempts to depreciate the currency. But even in its more nefarious designs there is no consensus among its members; in other words, it has no policy. One thing it has which does more to keep it together than anything else, and with which it is more likely than with anything else to make an impression on the public mind, and that is the charge of fraud against the Republicans in the late election. It finds it can no more go into the canvass without this than the anti-Administration Republicans without "the bloody shirt." The proposed investigation is, therefore, simply a formal and energetic way of embellishing this charge and keeping it before the public mind. That it is a serious attack on Hayes's title, we are quite sure, nobody "inside politics" really believes. The Committee will fish for evidence during the summer, and accumulate great quantities of those confessions or proofs of rascality on the part of Southern officials with which the people are now so familiar, and they will probably be dealt out in quantities to suit the exigencies of the struggle; but probably no report can be made before next December, by which time the elections will be over and interest in the matter totally gone. That the next Congress, if there is a Democratic majority in both Houses, will refuse to recognize the present Administration, and initiate a period of great disorder and alarm, one year before the next Presidential campaign, may seem a telling thing for the newspapers to say, and probably will frighten a good many business men, but it will not be believed by many who pay any attention to the ways of Democratic politicians, reckless and unskilful as they have so often of late shown themselves to be. We do not believe they had the slightest idea of disturbing Mr. Hayes or disputing his title, though it may be that they have made a great tactical mistake in acting as if they meant to do so, or in giving their adversaries good ground for saying they were going to do so.

It must be borne in mind, too, that there is very little question that Tilden is the principal promoter of the investigation into the fraud. There can hardly be a doubt that it is owing to his efforts that the McLin and Dennis "confessions" have been extracted,

and that it will be owing to his efforts that any damaging evidence about the election, if any exists, will hereafter be brought to light. He is shrewd, active, persistent, and untiring, and has plenty of money for expenses. Everybody who knows much of the matter recognizes his hand in all that is going on, but everybody knows that he would have no object in now ousting Hayes, or in setting up an opposition Presidency before the eyes of a scandalized and infuriated people during half a term. He is not so crude or modest in his ambition as that would indicate. What he is working for, and is intent on getting, is the next Democratic nomination, and the evidence he is trying to accumulate is not evidence which will give him the residue of Hayes's term of office, but which will make it appear that he was cheated out of the Presidency; that, in short, he is a great Democratic martyr and ought to have another chance. For this the investigation will serve excellently well, and it is for this it will be conducted. It will not do to calculate, as some of the Republican papers do, that his hopes in this direction are chimerical, and that the hatred of the Democratic politicians towards him is so intense that he will now be thrown overboard. We believe there is some reason for thinking that he has a stronger hold on the rank and file than he had three years ago, and that they really look on him as a victim who is entitled to compensation, and that he may be forced on the Convention, not, as last time, by the excellence of his own arrangements, but by popular pressure. Moreover, confident as he was last time of his election, he will probably be more confident next time, as the Returning Boards will be in the hands of his own friends, and we discover no trace on the Democratic side, at least, of any burning desire to amend the election procedure so as to prevent the recurrence of the scandals and abuses of 1875.

As to the merits of the proposal to investigate, one's opinion about it must, of course, depend a good deal on the end in view. If it be desired to discover what frauds were committed in the late election with the view of providing against their recurrence, and there is reasonable ground for believing that frauds *were* committed, investigation is not only allowable but desirable; but then investigation of this kind would have to be carried into all States in which fraud was suspected—into Oregon as well as into Florida and Louisiana. The *World* makes a distinction, which has a good deal of plausibility, between "operative" and "inoperative frauds"—or, in other words, between frauds which accomplished something and frauds which accomplished nothing, or between Mr. Hayes's, for instance, and Mr. Tilden's; it thinks the former a proper subject of enquiry and the latter not. The distinction is a good one, if your enquiry into an "operative fraud" aims at setting aside the result. In the present case, however, the Democrats deny that they mean to disturb Mr. Hayes's title; and if this be true, and their object be merely the exposure of wickedness, and the discredit of persons concerned in it, and the creation of guarantees against its repetition, the distinction is futile. All frauds are good material for doctrine and reproof, whether "operative" or not, and the means by which Mr. Tilden won Oregon can be made to contribute just as much to the purification of politics as the means by which Mr. Hayes won Florida and Louisiana. So that it is difficult to see, on the Democratic theory, any good ground for objecting to a general enquiry; but it is also difficult to see any danger to the nation in partial enquiry.

There would be little to regret in the imbroglio if it seemed likely to unite the Republicans on the real questions of the day, and induce them to formulate a new creed and set up as a really reform party, occupied with the material interests of the country, and the promoter of honest and rational legislation on them; if, in short, instead of clinging to the past, or trying to level its policy down so as to catch the support of whatever is most crazy and degraded in popular thought, it tried to do over again what it did when it was formed, by raising the popular political thought up to a higher plane. At present, however, the disposition of the party leaders seems to be, as the Congressional address to the voters indicates, to fall back on "the bloody shirt" whenever the Democrats make a mistake, and

engage us all once more in the battle of Gettysburg, and ask us to use our ballots or bayonets in resisting a "new rebellion." It depends on the independent voters of the country to decide when this seesaw of "fraud" and "bloody shirt" shall cease. As long as they can be roused by it, it will never cease. As long as the political game can be played on the theory that all politics consists in the division of offices, and that the use made of the offices is a secondary matter, and that any cry is good enough to divide them with, we shall not get much further than we have got in the last ten years towards a solution of the problems bequeathed to us by the war. The one duty of the honest and patriotic voter just now is not to be roused by the investigation, or scared by the "ringing address" of Messrs. Gorham and Hale. If everybody keeps cool, the warriors on both sides will shortly take off their tin armor and join in the merriment of the audience.

THE POLITICS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE Paris Exposition, which has opened with great éclat, and has probably evoked more popular enthusiasm than any that has yet taken place, is remarkable also as having the character of a political demonstration. The mere project exerted a good deal of influence last winter in bringing to an end the reactionary attempt of the Fourtou Ministry; for the Republicans were able to alarm the Marshal by pointing out the certainty that it would fail in case he persisted in his hostility to the Radicals. An international fair would have been out of place in a country distracted by a political crisis, and the prospect of the breakdown of an enterprise in which he would be a leading figure was very humiliating both to the Marshal and his wife (who counts for a good deal in the inner councils of the Septennate), and was, on the whole, much more formidable than "latent Radicalism." Since his surrender and the return of Republican supremacy, the Legitimists and Bonapartists have made no secret of their hope and belief that the Republicans would not be able to conduct an Exposition and attract distinguished visitors to it, and that its shortcomings in their hands would both illustrate their incapacity and the distrust and dislike of their rule felt both at home and abroad. All preceding French Exhibitions have been the work of the Empire, and the Emperor was the leading figure in them, and to the Bonapartists in particular, therefore, the occasion, under present circumstances, is a very trying one. To the Republicans, on the other hand, its success has for similar reasons been of the last importance, because it will indicate that France is happy and contented, and enjoys the good-will of foreign states, and that neither king nor emperor is necessary to give Paris the festive splendor and the affluence of foreign custom which the population of all classes find so flattering and so profitable. The result has been that the people of the capital have thrown themselves into the fête of the opening with extraordinary ardor and enthusiasm. Their pride has been tickled, and the ceremonial side of Republican government, which has been always its weak one in France, has been glorified by an unusual conflux of foreign princes and noblemen, whose arrival has filled the Monarchists with rage and despair. One of their papers gloated over the rain and mud of the opening day, and another called attention to the fact that the Prussian flag was again floating in Paris, thanks to Republican rule. Their electoral misfortunes, too, have continued and increased. The Republicans have carried nearly all the seats declared vacant by the Assembly, and where they have not carried them have increased their vote in such a way as to show that they are sure of the future, and that France is steadily and irresistibly gravitating towards them. The Monarchist organs of the Right Centre, such as the *Soleil* and the *Revue de France*, acknowledge frankly that Monarchy has, for the present at least, lost the game, "that France has accepted the Republic," and that there is nothing now for sensible and farsseeing Conservatives to do but to continue to take part in public affairs, not with the view of hindering the Government but of watching and restraining it, so as to prevent as much mischief as possible, and do as much good until the country comes back to "political truth," or, in other words, to the monarchical idea.

The triumph of the Republic being assured by the certainty that it will have a majority in both houses when the time comes for the revision of the Constitution in 1881, speculation has not unnaturally begun as to what the effect of undisputed possession of power will be on the Republican party itself. Hitherto it has been consolidated and strengthened by the necessities of the struggle with the Monarchists, in which it has been engaged ever since the downfall of the Empire. The first of these necessities was abstinence from everything, whether in speech or legislation, that would alarm the property-holders and give the Executive an excuse for a *coup d'état*, and it is said to be M. Gambetta's keen perception of this fact which accounts for the great change that has taken place in his demeanor since the days of his dictatorship. From a fiery and very denunciatory tribune, not to say demagogue, he has gradually calmed down into a sober, sedate, and very self-restrained politician of the English school, keeping himself a good deal in the background, and sedulously eschewing everything that bears the appearance of a love of change or of dissatisfaction with what the French call their "institutions"—that is, a large army, a paid clergy, and a highly centralized administration, and the system of taxation which has come down from the Revolution, the two leading features of which are a fixed valuation of the land and the absence of an income-tax. What has excited more surprise, however, than his change of policy is the success he has had in retaining his leadership even of the extreme Radicals, in spite of his change of policy. He has killed all opposition even among the Paris Radicals, who are the most extreme of all, and had them so well drilled when the crisis of May 16 came that they bore the extraordinary provocations of the Fourtou Ministry for six months with a patience and good temper which their warmest admirers have never claimed for them, and absolutely suppressed all expression of the old Socialistic ideas, which though greatly scotched can hardly be supposed to be completely extinct. Being asked to account for this remarkable display of political sense, M. Gambetta is reported to have ascribed it to the great "finesse" of the French working class. One result of it—and it may be called the most impressive political result that has been achieved in France since 1830—is that the peasantry have lost their fear of the great cities, and have been actually won over to the Republic, as the late elections all show.

This remark of M. Gambetta's about the "finesse" of the city voters has suggested the question whether, when the necessity of reticence and prudence has passed away, the Radicals will not again reappear in their real character, and seek to force the Conservative wing of the party into that "progressive legislation" which the bulk of the French people so much dread, and which has heretofore made the Republic such a bugbear, and whether M. Gambetta will be able to retain his position without either making serious concessions to this tendency or advocating a foreign policy in marked contrast to the modest and prudent attitude towards foreign powers which France has for the past seven years so sedulously maintained? When the Republicans have no longer the Monarchists to fight, and when the question of the form of the Government, having ceased to be a practical question, has disappeared from French politics, it is hardly possible that the party will be able to retain its present unity. It will certainly divide, and the people are beginning to ask, with a shade of anxiety, on what difference of opinion will the division be based. The prospect, however, even taking the darkest view of it, cannot be considered alarming. The Republican party, owing to the accession of the peasantry, to the very great advances made by the peasantry in education, and to the extraordinary degree to which France is now influenced by foreign opinion, can never again be what it was in times past, when Paris was its principal seat, and its great advantage lay in the fact that it could threaten the Government with violence. Paris will probably never again decide what form of Government the country shall have, and even the worst type of Republican demagogues will have to consider the prejudices of the country people (which he has never had to do before), if he means to succeed.

THE LONDON EXHIBITIONS—THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, May 8, 1878.

THE second summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, which opened a week ago, is pronounced quite as good as the first, if not rather better. This fact is worth noting, for there had been plenty of people ready to declare that this novel enterprise was all very well for once, but that it could not keep itself up. It is really not at all apparent why the Grosvenor Gallery should find the struggle for existence so arduous, and the supposition rests upon a vague idea, diffused to an amusing degree, that it had undertaken to be excessively "peculiar." What form its peculiarities are liable to assume most people would find it hard to say; but they have, at least, a strong impression that this exhibition will somehow not be as other exhibitions are. They go there with the expectation of finding something very strange and abnormal; and it is certain that as a general thing they must be grievously disappointed. The last time I entered I heard a lady confessing to this sentiment in rather an amusing manner; she was passing out, with a gentleman, as I came in. "I am rather disappointed, you know; I expected the arrangement of the pictures would be more unusual." I wondered in what fashion this good lady had supposed the productions of Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts would be arranged—hung upside down, or with their faces to the wall? There is, it would seem, but one manner of arranging pictures at an exhibition, and to this time-honored system the Grosvenor has rigidly adhered. As for the pictures themselves, some of them are very good, and reflect substantial credit upon British art. From this point of view the exhibition, as a whole, is much more glorious than the show at the Royal Academy, which has but just opened, and of which I will speak on another occasion. If on the one hand it is much smaller, on the other it is not disfigured by the presence of any member of that contingent of the old-fashioned Academicians who, at Burlington House, offer so painful and humiliating a reminder of the depths of vulgarity to which English art had sunk thirty or forty years ago. The painters represented at the Grosvenor this year are almost the same names that figured in last summer's catalogue; the artist most conspicuously absent is, perhaps, Mr. Holman Hunt. This year, as last, Mr. Burne-Jones is easily the first, and his several works are far away the most interesting and remarkable things in the exhibition. To the visitors in quest of "peculiarity" they are, as usual, a particularly opportune spectacle.

Mr. Burne-Jones's contribution consists of two large pictures—"Laus Veneris" and "Le Chant d'Amour"—and eight smaller ones, several of which were painted some years ago. I have space to speak only of the large things, which are certainly, as yet, the painter's strongest works. "Laus Veneris" represents a wonderful royal lady in a flame-colored robe, seated among her maidens, who are singing to her the praise of love, and accompanying themselves on quaint musical instruments. A long, low open window behind the maidens reveals a company of gentlemen in white armor, on white horses, who, as they pass, peer curiously and wistfully into the splendid room. The lady is leaning back wearily, with one arm thrown up and passing over her head, whose dense tresses are all unfolded, while she has lifted off her terrible great crown and placed it before her in her gorgeous lap. She has the face and aspect of a person who has had what the French call an "intimate" acquaintance with life; her companions, on the other hand, though pale, sickly, and wan, in the manner of all Mr. Burne-Jones's young people, have a more innocent and vacant expression, and seem to have derived their languor chiefly from contact and sympathy. "Le Chant d'Amour" is a group of three figures, seated, in rather an unexpected manner, upon the top of a garden wall. The middle one is a young woman in a white satin dress, kneeling upon a blue cushion before a small organ, over whose keys her white fingers move. On the right, behind the organ, a young angel, of uncertain sex, plies the instrument with wind from a pair of bellows; on the left sits a melancholy youth in armor, with a dark brown face, leaning on his hand, with his legs folded beside him, listening to the melody produced by his two companions. These two pictures are open to the same sort of criticism that was freely bestowed upon the artist last year. It will be a matter of course to say that the subjects are unreal, the type of figure monotonous and unpleasant, the treatment artificial, the intention obscure. There is much to be said about Mr. Burne-Jones every way; but the first thing to be said, it seems to me, is that no English painter of our day has a tithe of his "distinction." After that there is

more to say than I have space for. If his figures are too much of the same family, no English painter of our day has mastered a single type so completely and made it an image of so many different things. In color, the two pictures of which I have spoken are a great achievement; they have extraordinary beauty. They are extremely different, and only a master could offer us such contrasts. The "Laus Veneris" is pitched in a high key—a key given by the wondrous flame-colored robe of the heroine fretted with little circular figures in relief. The colors are all brilliant, the shadows thin, the whole impression that of bright surfaces in a strong light. "Le Chant d'Amour," on the contrary, looks at first like some mellow Giorgione or some richly-glowing Titian. The tone is full of depth and brownness, the shadows are warm, the splendor subdued. As a brilliant success in the way of color it is hard to know which picture to place first; each of them, at any rate, bears in this respect the great stamp—the stamp of the master for whom the play of color is a freedom, an invention, a source of thought and delight. In the way of design the strongest point in these two works is the attitudes of the two principal figures—the grand weariness and, at the same time, absorption of posture of the mediæval Venus, and the beautiful, rapt dejection of the mysterious young warrior. It must be admitted that the young warrior, with his swimming eyes, has a certain perplexing femininity of expression; but Mr. Burne-Jones does not pretend to paint very manly figures, and we should hardly know where to look for a more delicate rendering of a lovesick swain. The fault I should be inclined to charge upon Mr. Burne-Jones's figures is that they are too flat, that they exist too exclusively in surface. Extremely studied and finished in outline, they often strike one as vague in modelling—wanting in relief and in the power to detach themselves. They are, however, so wonderfully elegant that I should not insist upon that. The compositions of which they form part have the great and rare merit that they are *pictures*. They are conceptions, representations; they have a great *ensemble*.

There are some other excellent things at the Grosvenor, though I should greatly hesitate to name among them the numerous contributions of Mr. G. F. Watts. Mr. Watts has been for thirty years one of the first—perhaps, indeed, the very first—of English portrait-painters; but in the evening of his days he has taken to allegory, and it must be declared that in this pursuit his zeal has decidedly outrun his discretion. His big, mystical "Love and Death," last year, had indeed a great deal of nobleness, and might, all things considered, be pronounced a success. But this season Mr. Watts is really too big and too mystical: he appears to me, in vulgar parlance, quite off the scent. There is a good deal of fine color and of what may be called the intention of imagination in his two large canvases, "Time and Death" and "Mischief," but there is still more of a certain dense confusion and of an indefinable something which reminds the spectator that nothing is so precious as good taste, or, in its absence, so much missed.

Two American painters are substantially represented. I may seem to stretch a point, indeed, in speaking of Mr. James Whistler as an American painter, for it is not fair to attach to Mr. Whistler any label that serves for any one else. He is quite sole of his kind. He covers a large space of wall with an array of his usual "harmonies" and "variations," "arrangements" and "nocturnes." "I don't know," was the answer of a friend to whom I had uttered some restrictive criticism of these performances; "I think they are very pleasant things to have about." This seemed to me an excellent formula. Mr. Whistler's productions are pleasant things to have about, so long as one regards them as simple objects—as incidents of furniture or decoration. The spectator's quarrel with them begins when he feels it to be expected of him to regard them as pictures. And, even as "objects," it is hard to feel strongly about them; for Mr. Whistler paints in a manner to make it difficult to attach a high value to individual pieces. His manner is very much that of the French "impressionists," and, like them, he suggests the rejoinder that a picture is not an impression but an expression—just as a poem or a piece of music is. Mr. George H. Boughton proceeds in a very different manner, and his results are always charming. More exactly than any one else he preserves the balance between landscape and figures; with him it is always difficult to say whether the group or the background constitutes the subject. This is pretty sure to be one of two things—a study of the costume of the early years of the present century, or a study of the English rustic ("navvy" or ploughboy) and his brawny sweetheart. At the Academy, this year, Mr. Boughton shows us the big bonnets and pelisses, the scanty skirts and long mittens, of the year 1810; he understands these things in perfection and paints them charmingly. At the Grosvenor he

exhibits, beside an excellent landscape with a single figure, a rustic pastoral with a large element of landscape—a couple of huge-armed swains in corduroys, at the edge of a stone-quarry, contending with the hammer (they are trying to crack a big block) for the favor of a thick-necked and thick-wristed maiden who sits watching them like the queen of beauty at a tournament. In all Mr. Boughton's work, and especially in his partiality for a certain bright soberness of color, there is something very refined and discreet.

Mr. Millais is present at the Grosvenor in two contributions—one of the sort that is spoken of at present as representing him at his best; the other looking very much like the work of a vulgar and infelicitous imitator. The better of these two pictures is a portrait, entitled "Twins"—two young girls of eighteen or twenty stiffly posed and drawn, but very freely painted, and looking out of the canvas as Mr. Millais can so often teach his figures to look. It is kinder not to speak of the other example of this strangely unequal painter—a painter whose imperfectly great powers always suggest to me the legend of the spiteful fairy at the christening feast. The name of Mr. Millais's spiteful fairy is vulgarity; but, fortunately (it must be added), the good fairies are *au complet*. The trio of clever foreigners—MM. Tissot, Alma Tadema, and Heilbuth—are in force; and I must find space to mention two young Englishmen (or, as I believe, Scotchmen) who have this year "revealed" themselves—Mr. Gregory, with a really superb portrait of a gentleman, and Mr. Cecil Lawson, with two very large and ambitious, but very original and interesting, landscapes.

ANTI-RUSSIAN SENTIMENTS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, May 2, 1878.

THE Exposition of 1878 was opened yesterday officially, with all the pomp and circumstance of such ceremonies. As an exhibition it is still in the most embryonic state; it will not be perfect, I hear, before a month. At a distance its huge towers appear like the minarets of a gigantic mosque; but I must confess that I have only seen it yet at a distance. Paris was very merry yesterday, notwithstanding the showers which from time to time cooled its enthusiasm. Paris was contented with itself, and made phrases about the great feast of peace and progress and the wonderful revival of France, and put flags in its windows, and illuminated its monuments, and cheered the foreign soldiers who have been sent to the Exhibition as guardians, and who lounged in their uniforms on the boulevards. Boys with Venetian lanterns went in troops, and sang songs of a republican character. Long lines of gas marked the outlines of the Madeleine, of the Opéra, of the Triumphant Arch. The sky above the town was red with the glare of so many thousands of lights, and then, one by one, each monument was darkened by the turning of a cock, and the shouting died by degrees, and the gloom of the solemn night began.

This festive day was in reality like a ray of sun between two showers, for never was the future of Europe so dark as it appears now to a thinking mind. It is a curious fact that thus far the only objects of admiration in the Exhibition have been soldiers—your American soldiers, the Spanish, the Danish, the English soldiers. We are comparing uniforms. The most notable work of art in the great Exhibition, when it is complete, will undoubtedly be the tomb of a general. Dutois will show us his monument of Lamoricière, exactly as it will appear in the walls of the cathedral of Nantes. I rejoice in the hope of seeing this wonderful triumph of French sculpture. You are probably by this time familiar in America with the two figures of "Charity" and "Military Courage." We shall see the two others with them—"Hope" and "Faith"—and Lamoricière on his death-bed, in his military uniform, guarded by these admirable statues. It will be worth a journey to see the tomb of Lamoricière in the Champs de Mars, but why should I at once think of it in connection with what pretends to be an industrial exhibition? It is probably because war is now in the minds of all. Europe is full of rumors; we have ceased to hope in peace. It must be apparent to all that England is determined to open the gates of the Temple of Janus. She is probably but waiting for the Indian troops to arrive at Port Said, which can only be in a fortnight. Meanwhile time must be gained, and people can continue for a while to speak of German mediation, of diplomatic inventions and combinations of all sorts. An English friend, speaking to me yesterday of the arrival of the Indian troops on the European battle-ground, told me that this exodus of the Indian army was to him the most ominous sign of the times. "How can we now avoid war? When you invite a man to dinner, you must give him something to eat." The old India

men are not overjoyed at this; they ask themselves what may happen if the natives of India find out that they are a match for European troops.

It is not for me here to speak of the wisdom of these measures; I will only note their effect on the French mind. Till within a few weeks public opinion in France was in a state of complete, of absolute neutrality on the Eastern question. This condition of things was partly the work of the Duc Decazes, who had been the Minister of Foreign Affairs for several years, and who had cultivated good relations with all the European Powers indifferently. It was also the expression of the good sense of the country, which felt that the determination to remain at peace precluded any strong expression of opinion—that neutrality in deeds must be accompanied by neutrality in words. We were neither Turk nor Russian nor English in sentiment; if there was a little, a vague preference, it was, I must confess, on the side of Russia. Even at the time of the Crimean war France felt no hatred for Russia; our officers of high rank returned from the Crimea with sentiments of admiration and of sympathy for the Russian army. At the time of our great misfortunes the support which was given indirectly to Germany by the Czar did not much irritate the French. We were, indeed, abandoned by all Europe, and if France had the right to expect any sympathy it was not from the nations against which she had made war, it was from those which had been our friends and allies. Napoleon III. had made the Crimean war for dynastic purposes, but he had nevertheless frustrated the plans of Russia; he had during the Indian mutiny offered to the English troops the passage from Calais to Marseilles; during the American rebellion he had tied his policy to the policy of England, and abandoned for a while the traditions of France with regard to the United States. Finally, he had nearly ruined French manufactures by a sudden change in the whole tariff, and by a free-trade policy suggested by Cobden and the Manchester school. England was not obliged to pay to the French Republic of 1870 all her debts to Napoleon III., but, on the other hand, she had no right to screen herself behind the famous Benedetti treaty in order to explain and justify her complete indifference to the territorial losses of France. This indifference was, at the time, very painful to the French people. We did not expect England to go to war for us, as she was unprepared, but she could have said something about the treaties of Vienna when our frontier was altered. The treaties made after Waterloo were surely as important to her as the Treaty of Paris made after the fall of Sebastopol. The French people imagined that England had really and for ever renounced interference in the affairs of Europe, but since the accession of Lord Beaconsfield to power a great change has been made; England has assumed a new attitude, and, in fact, she is now assuming the position of defender of the treaties, though she quietly saw every treaty torn to pieces twenty years ago.

The French public could not be much interested in this change of policy on the part of England, so long as it was openly proclaimed that England would never stir for anything except English interests. But while this is still the language of those who desire to work a change in that part of the English people which is afraid of war, and cannot yet be induced to approve a warlike policy, there is now a notion abroad, which has found its expression in many places, that England is not preparing to fight for selfish English interests; that she is the champion of European law, of international law, of the sacred rights of the European community; that she is preparing to do for the Continent what she has often done—to give heart to the weak and oppressed, and to resist the tyrants—"debellare superbos." A few writers of great merit have endeavored to excite public opinion in France in favor of England, and they have been aided by the desires of the leaders of the Republican party. The chief enemy, the arch-enemy, if I may say so, of Russia in France is the author of "The Two Chancellors," the author of so many articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the Danish War, the ex-Auditeur-Councillor of Vienna, the ex-Deputy to the Gallician Diet, the friend of Baron Beust, who now directs and inspires the foreign policy of an important Parisian paper. I will not pronounce his name, as his articles are not signed; but who could fail to recognize his mark, his old habit of citing Shakspeare, his charming anecdotes, his great knowledge of the diplomatic personnel of Europe? The policy of this eminent writer is very plain: he means to work at a coalition of France, England, Austria, and, if possible, of Italy, against Russia and Germany. His articles have been much read, and have undoubtedly produced much effect. They have fallen in the mill-pond of our home policy and have stirred its waters.

The Republicans, after the 16th May, went to the polls with the word of peace in their mouths; they accused the Conservatives of hidden de-

sires, of clerical, anti-Italian, and Papal wars, an accusation which they did not themselves believe, but "all is fair in love or war." The peasants, when they gave their votes for the Republicans, thought they were voting for peace, just as they did when they voted for the last plébiscite before 1870. The Republicans, taken *en bloc*, certainly are for peace, but some of their leaders, and the most important of all, the man who has in his hands the whole power of the country, as he holds the legislative majority at his disposal—this man is not one of those minds which are easily contented and satisfied with a quiet and inglorious prosperity. He has, like M. Thiers, gone from country to country; he is restless, he has everywhere emissaries and correspondents. Well, it has been remarked that the *République Française*, which is under the constant and direct inspiration of M. Gambetta, and which had from its foundation kept a very reserved tone on all questions of foreign policy, suddenly changed its style and began to echo the bitter and sarcastic attacks of the *Journal des Débats*. The war against Russia has begun in words, the *mot d'ordre* has been sent to all the local Republican papers; they all now, as one man, have adopted a *politique polonaise*; they abuse the Northern Bear and Russian ambition; they represent the Russians as tied for ever to the policy of Bismarck, as accomplices in his great work against civilization, liberty, parliamentary institutions. England is the country of "civil and religious liberty"; communistic papers speak with raptures of its "noble aristocracy." The "noble" Prince of Wales is the lion of the day here, not only in the sporting world but in the Republican *salons*—for there are Republican *salons*. This is perhaps the time to ask the famous question: "Qui trompe-t-on ici?"—What does all this mean? Public opinion is arming against Russia and in favor of England. But will the deeds follow the words? It all depends on Austria. Our great Slavophobists will tell you that, of course, France alone cannot rush against the triple alliance; that she would at once have war at home, while the English ironclads would make what we call "des ronds dans l'eau"; but if Austria is detached from the alliance of the Emperor, if she makes an alliance with England, then will it not be the duty of France to seize this opportunity?

To which it may be answered that Austria will probably not detach herself from the alliance, that Count Andrassy will have it in his power to give many millions of new subjects to his Emperor without drawing the sword; only we may be so far entangled in some plan against Russia and Germany that it will be difficult for us to fall back; we may make a new Benedetti treaty, and if we do . . . But do not let us borrow trouble.

Correspondence.

MYTH-MAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1866, an article on the late Henry Thoreau appeared, in which was related an instance of his intimacy with nature, namely, his occasionally taking a fish out of Concord River with his hand. "If," it is there said, "the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us." On the same page is quoted from Thoreau's works an explanation of the feat. The fish is the bream (*Pomotis vulgaris*), which has a way of defending its ova when a hand approaches, and may be so caught.

Now, there is a book written by one "H. A. Page" on Thoreau which adduces that naturalist to illustrate a rationalistic theory of miracles. As this production has been reprinted in America it may be well enough to remark how it deals with the incident of the fish. The author quotes the story from *Fraser*, word for word, down to the explanation; that is entirely suppressed; instead of it we have the surmise that "the secret, as we guess, was not a communicable one under any conditions," and "a full explanation would probably have been more hard for Thoreau than the feat itself." The allusion to the penny is italicized. The authority from which the story is taken is not mentioned—not even the magazine being named. "H. A. Page" is a pseudonym. Thus the radical and naturalist, his friend who wrote the article, and the editor (Froude) who published it, are all impressed for the work of building up a new miracle by a writer under a fictitious name.

And this is the way mythology is made!

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

LONDON, May 2, 1878.

Notes.

THE Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto, announce as in preparation a work entitled "Canada, under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," of which Mr. George Stewart, jr., of St. John, N. B., is the editor. It will have for its frontispiece a steel portrait of Lord Dufferin, and the publishers will also bring out a lithographic portrait of His Excellency in the style of the well-known *Atlantic Monthly* series, and obtainable only by subscribers to the book.—Robert Clarke & Co. have promptly issued a neat brochure on the great Cincinnati organ—the largest in the country—whose completion, with the ample Music Hall which it adorns, has just been celebrated with the aid of Theodore Thomas. The public spirit which secured these valuable possessions to the city was seconded in a remarkable manner in the decoration of the case of the organ, of which the carving was largely the unpaid work of ladies, both married and single, trained in Cincinnati's schools of art. This brochure gives a number of the designs for the panels.—The eighth annual report of the Metropolitan Museum of Art shows how much has been gained by acquiring the second Cesnola collection; explains the failure to buy the Castellani collection; and calls the attention of the friends of the Museum to the fact that on removal to the new building in Central Park (in the course of next year) the revenues of the institution from admissions will wholly cease, and its support become somewhat precarious.—A short bibliography of works, English and foreign, relating to ceramic manufactures is given in the *London Book-seller* for May 3, in the hope that provincial booksellers may be stimulated to add pottery to their more legitimate wares.—Mr. Fred. W. Foster has just begun in *Notes and Queries* a bibliography of archery. He reserves the works relating to the Robin Hood and William Tell group of mytho-historical tales for separate lists. He mentions with approval Mr. Maurice Thompson's articles on the subject in *Scribner's* and *Harper's*.—Henry Holt & Co. will print an American edition of Mrs. Thomas Brassey's entertaining "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*."—"Recollections of Two Distinguished Personages" (Countess Guiccioli and Count de Waldeck), by Mary R. D. Smith, is announced by J. B. Lippincott & Co.—We find the following curious advertisement in a St. Louis paper: "To-night: Lecture and free discussion on the principles of the Soc. Labor Party, at Washington Hall, Third and Elm sts. Everybody is invited. N.B. Allusions to nationalities or indecent language are forbidden."—Dr. Daniel Sanders's little "Wörterbuch der Hauptschwierigkeiten der deutschen Sprache," which we favorably noticed some years ago, is now entering upon its eleventh edition, which is to be more than twice the size of the first.—R. Oldenbourg, Munich, has just issued Vol. i. of a new work in two volumes on the United States by Dr. Friedrich Ratzel, Professor of Geography at the School of Technology in that city ("Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika: ihr Land, und Volk, ihre Natur und Cultur"). It is illustrated by twelve wood-cuts and several colored maps. If the expectations held out by the prospectus are fulfilled, we shall have a work as valuable as it is unique on either side of the Atlantic.—Salmin Brothers, Padua, have undertaken to publish a "Mémorial de Maurizio Quadrio," the Italian patriot and exile, and desire the immediate loan of letters or any documents relating to him. The work will be edited by Emilio Quadrio, and will be elegantly printed in an Elzevir edition.—We did grave injustice last week to the author of "Les Fourchambault," M. Émile Augier, in remembering to forget that he long ago won his chair in the Academy.—The regents of the Smithsonian Institution have unanimously elected Professor Spencer F. Baird, heretofore the assistant-secretary, to be the successor of the late Professor Henry. Professor Baird's remarkable executive ability is well known.

—A paper which records the recent coaching excursion to Philadelphia gives to *Lippincott's* for June the stamp of the daily newspaper, which keeps its forms open for the latest despatches. Its title is "The Four-in-hand, and Glances at the Literature of Coaching"; and the writer, Jennie J. Young. The illustrations are both of antiquarian and of present interest, and include views of several of the teams of the Coaching Club, after photographs, and portraits of the president and of Col. Delancey Kane. Mr. Edward King's second paper on Rumania conveys a good deal of information about the customs of the people, their mode of living, and their curious language. The scanty population of that portion of Bessarabia sought to be annexed by Russia "is distinctly Rumanian. The men are rather more manly in bearing than their brethren of other sections: they have broad foreheads, frank eyes, long coarse hair, dense black mustaches, well-turned limbs, and generally

carry weapons. But they live in hideous little cabins unfit for the habitations of cattle, banked with mud, and furnished inside with the rudest articles of prime necessity. . . . The women are dull, submissive, and rarely pretty." *Lippincott's* opens with a well-written, and for tourists useful, article on the Riviera; and we may also mention a tragic little history, quite Southern, of one branch of the Masons of Virginia.

—The June *Scribner's* is conspicuous, even in its own series, for the beauty of the illustrations. Those designed by Mr. W. L. Sheppard, with his usual mastery of Southern scenery and character, to illustrate coon-hunting, are engraved with an effectiveness and a *chic* that rival the best work of the *Tour du Monde*. Still, the most remarkable proofs of dexterity in engraving are undoubtedly to be found in some of the woodcuts after Cruikshank, whether from an etched or a xylographic original. The well-known Grimaldi vignette, for instance, which stands at the head of Mr. Russell Sturgis's article on the great caricaturist, and the full-page "Triumph of Cupid," on p. 172, and "The Booby," engraved by a lady, on p. 176, leave nothing to be desired in point of delicate fidelity to the original. Mr. Sturgis regards with less favor the designs reproduced by photographic process, of which there are several; but, while only the connoisseur can readily discover their defects, one need have but a slight acquaintance with the art of wood-engraving to appreciate the wonderful success which has attended the more dangerous task of fac-simile by engraving on wood after copper. Mr. Sturgis does what can be done in the compass of a few pages for the busy lifetime of a veteran artist. He defines the several periods of Cruikshank's long activity, enumerates the principal directions in which his prolific talent was employed, and the books and editions in which his best work is to be found, and bestows a passing judgment on his character as a man and his rank as an artist. What will excite most attention is his showing that Cruikshank, as a caricaturist, was ready "to be employed by either side." But, if this should be resented by the artist's admirers, they cannot but be mollified by Mr. Sturgis's excuse, which, indeed, harmonizes with the nature of a humorist: "It is probable that he never held very positive political opinions, and was swayed by philanthropic feelings alone. It is probable that he saw things fit to ridicule in both sides of every question—in both the armies in any contest." Mr. Sturgis's selection of examples must have caused him great embarrassment. He was allowed twenty-three, where a hundred could have been profitably used. Among these he contrives to introduce no less than five portraits of his subject.

—The controversy in which we lately took part, apropos of the question of sending specimens of American wood-engraving to the Paris Exposition, is revived in *Scribner's* by Mr. W. J. Linton. His text is the *Evening Post's* dictum that "Wood-engravers, properly speaking, are not artists, nor do artists, as a rule, recognize them as such." Mr. Linton's rejoinder has the rhetorical defect of a want of clearness of style. What he really maintains is that any wood-engraver who (1) engraves upon the wood directly—without at all, or fully, drawing on the block the design in advance; or who (2) can design as well as engrave; or who (3) translates brush-work into line-work—whether from the painter's canvas or the draughtsman's scumbled drawing on the block, is an artist. Mr. Linton himself does all these things, and does them well, and is indisputably an artist. On the other hand, the admirable assistants of Dürer and Holbein, who cut in fac-simile the master's designs, were very good mechanics but not artists. This distinction is clear, but its acceptance is not unattended with difficulties. Take, for instance, the illustrations in this very number of *Scribner's*. Does it require more artistic sympathy to produce the "coon-hunt" scene on p. 217 than "The Triumph of Love" on p. 172? Perhaps it does. One is an interpretation, the other a line-for-line imitation; but, however they may be ranked as works of art, we find it hard to admit that the latter is exactly on a par with the photographic fac-simile. When Mr. Ruskin sets the student copying a corner of Dürer's woodcuts or Turner's etchings, he recommends a not wholly mechanical process, or there would be no art-training in it; and the student who best succeeds has best comprehended the value of each line, and so most nearly caught the spirit of his exemplar. Let any one compare the picture of Bewick's starving ewe in Jackson and Chatto's "History of Wood-engraving" with the cut in Bewick's "Quadrupeds," and he will guess the difference between fac-similes and fac-similes. Mr. Linton, by the way, we think underrates Bewick's thoroughness in putting his own designs on the block, though he was doubtless capable of "drawing the bird before him with the graver." And if he was "not known as a painter," he has left many exquisite studies in water-color.

—As orthodox readers of the *Atlantic*, we turned first to Mr. Bishop's "Detmold," and having found the conclusion at once answering our expectation and gratifying our sense of poetic justice, we are free to say that we hope the story may be republished in book-form. The author deserves this by way of encouragement as well as of admonition. Thoreau's "June Days" are, perhaps, hardly as suggestive reading as were the two previous months from his diary; but he gives an interesting account of camping out on Monadnock, and does not overlook "the newspaper and egg-shell left by visitors" on the summit. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge contributes a vigorous sketch of the career of Timothy Pickering, more especially that part of it suppressed by the late Dr. Upham, and brought to light in Prof. Henry Adams's "Documents relating to New England Federalism," of which this article is ostensibly a review. Pickering was eighty-two when invited to meet President John Quincy Adams privately at dinner. He was too frank to accept without asserting his unchanged views of Mr. Adams, and too manly to shun meeting him; so he writes a letter to the host in which he calls Adams a slanderer and a President by apostasy (not by "fraud" and "apostasy," as in these corrupter days), and concludes, "I accept with pleasure your invitation to dinner." Mr. A. G. Sedgwick discusses the "Unforeseen Results of the Alabama Dispute," of which the most novel and even startling is the dilemma that if Congress, in distributing the Geneva award, recognizes the so-called "exculpated cruisers" claims, and the war-premium claims, it will bind us to the inconvenient doctrine that "a neutral is bound to pay damages which arise from her acts, however remote." There can be little doubt that this view is as sound as it is novel. Mr. T. S. Perry has, perhaps, undertaken a rather thankless task in summarizing M. Doudan's essay on "The Revolutions in Taste." Nevertheless, those who have read with eagerness the reviews of this remarkable person's letters, in lieu of the letters themselves, may well feel obliged to Mr. Perry for his account of the essay, even if it should not dispose them to procure it and read it in the original.

—How long it has been the fashion for one newspaper to call another "our contemporary," or why a newspaper should be a "contemporary" any more than an individual man, we are unable to say. If the term be a correct use of language, it would also seem to be proper for a newspaper to refer to one which has preceded it in point of time as its "prior," or to those which are to come after it as its "posteriors," and to talk, when in a genial mood, of our "venerable priors" and "our energetic posteriors." But the fact is that for an unknown period "contemporary" has been what may be called the editor's polite professional word, like the lawyer's "learned gentleman" or the legislator's "gentleman from Cattaraugus," of designating another newspaper. When the two editors were on friendly terms it has not been uncommon to say "able contemporary" or "brilliant contemporary," though we cannot recall any case in which these epithets were accorded to a journal published in the immediate neighborhood or cultivating the same field. The recipients of these have almost always been so far off that compliments to them would not be likely to be injurious to the eulogist's own business, or likely to be construed injuriously as an admission of professional superiority. The use of the term "contemporary," too, probably has always been defensible on the same ground as the corresponding parliamentary circumlocution, viz. that it gave the person referred to the air of an abstraction, and thus kept down the pugnacity which the contemplation of him as a man might rouse in the heat of political strife. It must be confessed, however, that in the press the device has only been partially successful, and it has been no uncommon thing for a "contemporary" to be described in most opprobrious language, resulting in some parts of the country in the appearance in the streets of two "contemporaries" clad in seedy black and well armed, bent on mutual slaughter.

—What is attracting attention to the term just now is the fact that a variety hitherto but little known—indeed we may say in this city totally unknown—the "esteemed contemporary," has made its appearance in New York. The *World* has several "esteemed contemporaries"; the *Sun* has two or three; so has the *Post*. The *Times* has only one, but the *Tribune* as yet has none. Twenty years ago this would have been considered a sign of weakness, and have considerably interfered with the rolling of "the ball of discussion," as the art was then practised. At that time there was, we believe, no newspaper office in the city in which a contemporary could have been honestly esteemed, owing to the firmly-rooted belief in his folly and depravity. Any day in which he was not blundering grossly in the very elements of knowledge he was engaged in the promotion of some scheme of iniquity, and there was no self-respect-

ful way of liking or admiring him. Now, however, probably owing to the greatly diminished prominence and importance of the editor's personality, it is found possible for journalistic rivals to carry on very animated debates in words of honeyed courtesy. Your contemporary may be constantly making mistakes and taking most mischievous views of grave questions, but he still remains "esteemed." As far as one can make out, too, the term is not ironical, like the "beloved contemporaries" of the terrible Jennings—a term which, in his mouth, was a synonym for unconscionable ruffians and liars, whom he was going to blackguard severely. It does not, we are quite sure, mean real love or admiration, but it means a desire for peace and sober discussion which has been long unknown in "journalistic circles" in this city, and the reign of which would be wider if the balance-sheets of the *Tribune* could be made satisfactory to the *Times* and *Sun*. It is this more than anything else which prevents the *Tribune* at present from being even a "contemporary," much more an "esteemed contemporary," to either of these papers. The *World*, also, as far as human eyes can see, will never become a "contemporary" to the *Times*, or anything like it, owing to causes "far brought from out the storied past," the elucidation of which, so rapidly does time fly, will probably need before long the best historical talent our country can produce. But it ought to be observed, at the same time, that journalism is above all pursuits that in which the unexpected is likely, and in which the most sudden revulsions of feeling occur. In fact the journalist proper, in his relations to his professional brethren, seems incapable of calm and steady respect, or even indifference. He usually passes from "the rage of the vulture" to "the love of the turtle," and either extols to the skies or damns to the lowest pit of imbecility and rascality. That persistent urbanity does not work well in the profession, and in fact indicates a lack of staying power, would seem to be deducible from the fate of the *Evening Mail*, which has just died, and was probably, during its brief existence, the most civil-spoken paper in the world. It had a kind word for everybody, and was full of admiration for the talents and enterprise of all the other papers. A better paper for a young man just beginning his education, and needing to cultivate his powers of reverence, probably never existed. Its fall raises the question whether too great politeness and suavity is not injurious to a newspaper—whether, in short, admiration of its "contemporaries" does not suggest secret weakness or want of that self-confidence which is to the journalist what courage is to the soldier.

—A consoling theory about torpedoes has recently made its appearance in the English papers, to the effect that a harbor may be cleared of these obstructions to an attacking fleet by

"exploding large charges of powder, gun cotton, or other explosive, sunk to some distance below the surface of the water, in order that the shock produced, transmitted through the surrounding fluid, may stave in or otherwise injure any of the enemy's submarine mines which may be arranged in the vicinity. A certain area being thus cleared of any hostile torpedoes, this space may be continually enlarged by dropping and exploding other countermines, each one in advance of the other, until finally the whole passage is cleared. Unless, however, the exact position of the defensive torpedoes has been determined beforehand, it is evident that a very large quantity of explosive material will have to be expended, since, the radius of rupture of a counter-mine being comparatively small, several charges may be exploded at points where they will do no damage."

Careful and repeated experiments by the Engineer Corps in this country show that this is an illusion. Putting aside the fact that water is a non-elastic body and will not "transmit shocks" sufficient to produce an explosion, we may mention that General Abbott, who is in charge of the torpedo station at Willett's Point, has demonstrated that you cannot explode a torpedo by another torpedo, even out of the water. We were present a few days ago at some of his experiments, which left no manner of doubt on the subject. He placed a thirteen-inch shell charged with dynamite on the ground, and put in actual contact with it a dynamite cartridge the explosion of which cracked the shell in every direction without disturbing its contents. He then exploded another dynamite cartridge in contact with it, which blew the shell to pieces, but without any effect on the charge beyond scattering it about on the ground.

—To meet the difficulty of finding out where the enemy's torpedoes are, the authors of the "shock" theory say they are to be discovered

"by 'sweeping' the area in which it may be suspected they have been placed. This operation is performed by dragging through the water a rope which is weighted so as to keep it at a certain depth below the surface, and the ends of which are attached to two boats which are rowed or steam forward together at a given distance apart. The mines

of the enemy having been discovered by this means can then be readily destroyed by countermining."

They do not seem to be aware that the electrical apparatus of the torpedo system is now so perfected that touching the torpedo with a "rope," or anything else, will discharge guns on shore which would sweep with grape and canister the lines on which the torpedoes are laid. In other words, stationary torpedoes now give notice of any danger to themselves, without exploding, on the mere condition that they shall be in some manner disturbed. In fact, the only thing that prevents the harbor torpedo in its present state from being a perfect defence is the necessity of protecting the operators on shore with heavily fortified works. These must be strong enough of themselves to resist the attacking fleet; as otherwise a landing party would take possession of the instruments and cut the wires.

—A valuable monograph by Mr. John B. Pearson, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, discusses 'The Theories of Usury adopted in Europe during the Period 1100–1400 A.D.' It is largely made up of a statement of the doctrine of the Bible and of mediæval writers—especially in the decretals of the popes and the writings of Thomas Aquinas—upon the subject; and these are amply illustrated by references and citations. The third Appendix, for instance, contains six pages of quotations from mediæval writers. It is made very clear that *usury* at this period did not have the meaning it has now, but meant any demand of money for the use of money. With our modern ideas it is hard to comprehend the prohibition; and, indeed, by the close of the period under discussion the casuists of the church had enough to do to justify the absolute prohibition of the practice in all cases with its permissibility in some cases. Nevertheless the Old Testament prohibition, from which it is ultimately derived, is not so very hard to understand when one places one's self, as Mr. Pearson does (p. 7), in the point of view of that early society. From this "we see at once the reason for lending to the poorer of their brethren; while lending to the rich at all is not contemplated, nor yet anything like employment of capital in our sense of the word; nor thirdly, as I think, the notion of an indolent borrower, who borrows to expend on his own convenience and comfort." The manner in which the practice of lending on interest forced itself into recognition in the later Middle Ages, although stated clearly enough, is not well worked out in detail; and, indeed, legal relations and terms are far from being satisfactorily defined. In regard to the *emphyteusis*, for example (p. 50), strangely enough there is no mention of any connection with the tenure of land.

MASSON'S MILTON.*

IN these two volumes Mr. Masson's narrative drags its slow length from the execution of Charles I. to the Restoration, a period including many transactions that still need elucidation, and promising to display to best advantage the peculiar method which the author has deemed it necessary to adopt in constructing his work. For during these eleven years Milton was not only brought into most direct personal connection with the stirring events of his time, but far more than at any other period he may be taken as the representative of its political and ecclesiastical tendencies. Here, therefore, more than at any earlier stage of his undertaking, we may expect to find Mr. Masson justified for embedding his proper theme in such a minute and exhaustive survey of contemporary history. His success or failure here will decide the verdict respecting his entire work.

Beginning with the foundation of the Commonwealth, Mr. Masson enters at length into the difficulties which beset it at the outset, arising in part from lack of agreement among the leaders, and in part from the threefold opposition of Presbyterians, Royalists, and Levellers. The campaigns of Cromwell in Ireland and Scotland are described, and the relations of the Commonwealth with foreign powers very fully explained. The growing antagonism between Parliament and the army, which culminated at length in the forcible dissolution of the Rump, is carefully traced. The conservative reaction, which resulted in the establishment of the First Protectorate, the differences respecting toleration, the Petition and Advice, the Second Protectorate, the French alliance, the policy of Cromwell with respect to education and religion, the ignominious rule of Richard, and the miserable succession of plots and counterplots which only served to hasten a foregone conclusion, are all described with a fullness of detail found in few histories of the period. It would be unjust to

* 'The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D.' Vols. IV. V. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

deny that Mr. Masson has shown great diligence in exploring sources of information, and that he has succeeded in collecting many interesting facts. He is at his best in dealing with the most difficult part of his task—the relations of the various religious sects. Here he is uniformly fair and thorough. Yet we cannot regard his general treatment of the history of the Commonwealth as very successful. His skill lies much more in collecting material than in using it, and he leaves on the mind no distinct impression of an epoch full of high strain and of brilliant incident. His facts hang loosely together without generalization, and the value of his original conclusions seems by no means commensurate with the unwearying pains he has taken. While he has called attention to some incidents that had been overlooked, he has done little on the whole to modify prevailing opinions. Most of the great actors in the drama are presented neither in a very novel nor in a very striking light. On what has been perhaps the most debated passage of Cromwell's career, the dissolution of the Rump, Mr. Masson has nothing new to communicate, and contents himself with reciting the familiar story. Even the foreign policy of the Protector, once so extravagantly praised, but which has recently been called in question as an error into which he was betrayed by his essentially conservative and unspeculative temper, receives from Mr. Masson no special notice. He accepts the theory that Cromwell's elevation to some kind of sovereign power was a necessity of the time, as the only escape from the wild civil and religious idealism which had been the visible drift of the Barebones parliament, but he alleges no new reasons in favor of a view which the eloquence of Mr. Carlyle has already made so familiar. A noticeable feature, however, of this part of Mr. Masson's work is his emphatic assertion of the essentially conservative tendency of the Protectorate.

So far as relates to the author's proper subject, the life of Milton, these volumes include the publication of his tract on the 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,' his 'Eikonoklastes,' his two 'Defences of the English People,' the 'Treatise of Civil Power,' the 'Considerations on Hirelings,' and the 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth.' During these years Milton was also in the employ of the Council of State, as Secretary for Foreign Tongues, and in this capacity wrote the 'Letters of State,' which for style, if not for substance, must be reckoned among his works. Mr. Masson brings for the first time to light the somewhat surprising fact that the author of the most passionate plea ever put forth in behalf of unlicensed printing himself served for some time in the capacity of censor of the press. To this same period belong the sonnets, several of which are simply political tracts in verse. All these writings Mr. Masson has elucidated with much care, and all students of Milton will owe him a debt for his painstaking investigations. His labors are especially useful in helping us to understand the contemporary judgment respecting Milton. He is also successful in exhibiting the personal relations of Milton with the different governments which he was called to serve. At the outset the poet was an ardent republican, defending in the first tract that he published after the execution of the king the most extreme doctrine of popular sovereignty. He was the friend and admirer of Vane, and, like Vane, advocated the most entire separation of church and state. Yet he supported Cromwell against the Rump, though, as Mr. Masson asserts, with reservations. Yet the contrast between the elaborate eulogy of Vane in the famous sonnet addressed to him, and the studious omission of that statesman from the republican leaders so eloquently praised in the Second Defence, would seem to indicate that Milton leaned pretty strongly to the theory of a "single person." Mr. Masson labors hard to vindicate Milton's consistency, but we suspect that the real explanation lay in the fact that Milton's speculative political opinions were never the result of any strict logical method. He was far from being a republican in the modern sense. In fact, his opinions would excite the disgust of some who have given him the most unqualified praise. Thus, while stoutly claiming for every people the right to change their form of government at will, he just as strongly asserts that nature gives to every wise man rule over the less wise, and that whoever takes away rule from stupid persons acts wholly in agreement with nature—a maxim well calculated to make an American "statesman" stand aghast. It is a most characteristic remark when he says of Cæsar, that "though he introduced kingly government into a free state in a rather violent manner, he was perhaps the worthiest of being king." He had no high opinion of majority rule. The liberty which he adjured Cromwell to respect was far from being the constitutional liberty for which Eliot and Pym had contended. As little did he care for the enlightened scheme of electoral reform which the capacious understanding of Ireton devised. When it was certain

that the great majority of the nation was against him, he coolly denied that the greater number, "for the pleasure of their baseness," should compel the less.

As an exposition of Milton's political opinions this part of Mr. Masson's work has a real value, and so far it helps us to understand a difficult period. We find on every page evidence of intimate acquaintance with the facts and dates of Milton's history. The most trivial circumstances are carefully noted, such as the attendance of Milton upon the sittings of the Council of State, and the probable reasons for the reduction of his salary. But with all this diligent accumulation of details, Mr. Masson still fails of making evident what the whole construction of his work assumes—that Milton was in any sense a central figure in the picture. We nowhere detect that close and organic connection between Milton's career and contemporary events which was Mr. Masson's original pretext for inflicting on his readers this prodigious compilation. Not only does he not succeed in showing that Milton was a leading actor in the great drama; he does not even make it clear that as a writer he exerted any controlling influence. The changes that so swiftly came over the complexion of affairs were brought about without his co-operation. In no sense whatever, according to the view which Mr. Masson presents, can Milton be reckoned among the statesmen of the Commonwealth. As an official, his position was throughout a very subordinate one. He was a vigorous and eloquent partisan writer, and was without doubt regarded as the most conspicuous representative of English republicanism. Mr. Masson does not in the least exaggerate his significance in this respect. Yet his treatment of political questions was rhetorical rather than logical, and he was more successful in discomfiting an adversary than in establishing any important principle. Posterity has drawn from his pages no permanent lessons of political wisdom; nor do we think that his reputation is likely to gain from Mr. Masson's minute recital of the details of his personal controversies. It is not the side of Milton's character that we prefer to contemplate. The author of 'Comus' and of 'Paradise Lost' must always inspire us with reverence, but the bitter opponent of Salmasius is not an attractive figure; and the unscrupulous assailant of Morus, pursuing his adversary with a pitiless vituperation which even Mr. Masson is forced to acknowledge "becomes perfectly painful," affects us with a feeling of positive disgust. We are at a loss to conceive why Mr. Masson should deem it necessary to dwell at such length on the least creditable episode of Milton's life. Surely the miserable scandal about poor Bontia need not have been revived with such fulness of detail.

Milton the man fares no better in Mr. Masson's hands than Milton the Secretary for Foreign Tongues. Here, again, we are overwhelmed with trivial details of domestic history, but we miss the touch that alone endows the dead with life. We are invited to follow him from his house in High Holborn, "looking backwards into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields," to his temporary residence in Charing Cross; and we are assured by Mr. Masson, with great probability, that "in the early half of the year 1649" he may have been seen walking between Whitehall and Spring Gardens with one or another of the leading personages of the time. We have an elaborate description of the house which he afterwards occupied in Petty France, which, fortunately for Mr. Masson, remained standing until our own day, and which in its last estate he represents as "oldish, but with signs of modern doing up." But the real life that Milton led amid these outward surroundings Mr. Masson does not set very vividly before us. Conjecture is made to take the place of any definite facts. Respecting the great calamity that began to cast its shadow over this part of Milton's career, Mr. Masson can only say that "we shall not be wrong in assuming" and that "we have to imagine" some very probable circumstances. But this is not the style of writing that lends biography its distinct charm. We confess to a feeling of extreme disappointment at finding in so voluminous a work so little that helps us to understand what manner of man in his private life Milton really was. During his residence in Petty France, as one of his nephews tells us, "he was frequently visited by persons of quality" and by "learned foreigners of note"; but no one of this choice company seems to have bethought himself of making any memoranda of his conversations with one of the supreme characters of history, and we are left to imagine what may have passed at these interviews. In fact, almost the only knowledge of Milton during this period that is of much real value in understanding his character is that furnished by his sonnets. Besides this there is little save the occasional personal allusions in his private correspondence. Most of what Mr. Masson has succeeded in adding to this has not helped the picture. It is a striking evidence of his want of constructive skill that while he evidently cherishes the most hearty admiration for Milton's character, and has been unwearying in his

pains to portray it, he has on the whole rather chilled our admiration for his hero.

In a work constructed on the plan of these volumes we naturally look for a somewhat full and appreciative estimate of the leading men with whom Milton was brought in contact. Of these none drew from him such hearty meed of praise as the younger Vane, and with the opinions of none were his own in more entire accord. Yet Vane receives only incidental mention in Mr. Masson's pages. Mr. Masson's notion of what biography involves inevitably suggests Carlyle, but we miss in these volumes the masterly portraits which, in the 'Life of Friedrich,' atone for so many faults. Monk, the least attractive of all the men who were conspicuous during these eleven eventful years, is, singularly enough, the one who receives the most elaborate treatment. Simply as the biographer of Milton, no obligation rested on Mr. Masson of leading us through a portrait gallery of republican statesmen; but with his avowed purpose of making the life of Milton a study of contemporary history, he certainly owed his readers this service. When we have worked through his endless digressions we have a right to complain if he has not fulfilled his original agreement. In one instance, however, the author has earned the thanks of his transatlantic readers. All familiar with his earlier volumes will remember the cordial appreciation with which he always refers to Roger Williams. During the period of which he now treats, the founder of Rhode Island made his second visit to England, coming into familiar contact with Milton and Vane, and Mr. Masson is prompt to assign him an important part in the struggle for unlimited religious liberty. He is inclined to trace the Voluntary movement largely to Williams's influence, and rightly regards him as the editor of the "Four Proposals" put forth in favor of absolute toleration. Mr. Masson's estimate of Williams is in striking contrast with the studied depreciation of some American writers. We are, however, at a loss to conjecture on what ground he asserts that the pamphlet 'Ill News from New England' has been ascribed to Williams.

It is not pleasant to find fault with a work to which so much honest labor has been devoted, but we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Masson's method is faulty, and that his skill as a literary artist is by no means equal to the task he has undertaken.

HINDU LITERATURE.*

AS time rolls on, it must become more and more difficult to gain the ear of the general reader when the question is of orientals, either such as they have been or such as they now are. It will be a long while, we suspect, before our first impressions of the people of the East cease to be derived from the 'Arabian Nights.' And the form of these tales which is still almost exclusively in favor owes, confessedly, a great part of its charm to adulteration. The French *rifacimento* of the 'Arabian Nights,' of which the ordinary English version is only a reproduction, is the outcome of mangling, and interpolating, and splicing, and all with an exceedingly free hand. Nor, in order to make the tales palatable to Frenchmen, were the liberties which are taken in it felt to be unnecessary. Hence it has come to pass that the Arabs of our youthful apprehension are, in many respects, wonderfully like Parisians of the old school. That they are not uninteresting creatures, we acknowledge. For all this, they are far from being genuine Arabs; and as we grow older, and come to learn what genuine Arabs are like, and find that, their picturesqueness of aspect and surroundings apart, they have a much larger element of the repulsive than of the attractive about them, it is not altogether singular that we should turn from our later acquaintances with something of the dissatisfaction justly awakened only by detected counterfeits. Again, and also in consequence of our juvenile ideas, it is hard not to image all orientals to ourselves as homogeneous. Study, if one chooses to give one's self to it, will, of course, correct this misconception, with others kindred to it. Only very few, however, make oriental studies their election; and, to say truth, there is little demonstrable inducement to them. Travellers in the East who make books out of it are, for the most part, satisfied with the mere surfaces of things, and rarely succeed, nowadays, in doing better than ring changes on commonplaces of which everybody is weary. And their successors will hardly do otherwise than as they have done. As to scholars, those who have gone to the heart of the matter, why they, with all their love, should fail to excite anything like a wide interest in their subject is, we think, a question of easy solution. Nothing of orientals but the mere exterior is

capable of being popularized. At all events, the more closely we scrutinize them, the keener is our disappointment at coming upon scarcely anything which we did not know before, and in a shape more acceptable to cultivated reason.

In well-nigh the whole of their thoughts and ways orientals are essentially childish. Alike as to what we find in them to admire, and as to what we find to dislike, they remind us in the main, even when we contemplate them in their most developed condition, of precocious children, and of girls rather than of boys. But besides this and other peculiarities, they are conspicuous, not to speak of their profound dissimulation, for a trait by reason of which they are hardly distinguishable from the humbler order of barbarians. We refer to their all but habitual misappreciation of the credible and of the incredible. They have their type, in fact, in Dr. Johnson, with his disbelief in waterspouts and his belief in goblins; or in the mythical old lady who accepted the story that Pharaoh's chariot-wheels had lately been recovered from the bottom of the Red Sea, but felt herself insulted when gravely told of flying fish. Science proper of their own they have never possessed, some elementary mathematics and astronomy excepted. Their essays in history are generally such as can only move contempt; and their poetry, in anything approaching a faithful and unembellished rendering, is, with rare reservations, barely better than tenth-rate. Their favorite pursuit and speculation is, as might be anticipated, theology. Among the sons of Adam they are not exceptional in that the less they know of it the more they have to say of it. Few matters are so familiar and self-evident as not to have been communicated to them from the skies. Their gods, made strictly after the fashion of men, and those not at all the most exemplary of men, have not only been most liberal in displaying themselves and their direct intervention up and down the earth, but now that they have retired from transacting business visibly, have bequeathed so ample a legacy of their will and precepts, and such full particulars of their exploits, that obedience and recollection might seem to be all that devolved to the devout in the way of duty. With this understanding of duty, however, the devout have not rested satisfied. In the faculty of much speaking they have thrown their gods themselves into the shade. If the foundation of their theology, premises asserted to be of divine origin, is extensive, the superincumbent structure of deductions and moralizations falls but little short of the illimitable. We here have especially the Hindus in our contemplation; and considering that these religionists regard all human knowledge, from the science of Brahma to the culinary art and dancing inclusive, as founded on specific revelations, and considering that during many centuries vast numbers of them gave themselves wholly to study and bookmaking, it can occasion no surprise to be told that their literature, particularly in its speculative and commentatorial departments, is by much the most voluminous which has been handed down from any people of antiquity.

Of this enormous aggregate only a small part has been printed, or is likely ever to be printed. Thousands of volumes of it, too, as they have never been read by any person of a Christian nation, so they will continue to the end to be by such unread. Yet not only will their resolution into dust involve no loss, but it may be questioned whether, save in the interests of philology, we should have been robbed of anything seriously regrettable if their honored fellows had experienced the fate which awaits themselves. Lord Macaulay has said in one of his Indian minutes: "I have conversed both here and at home with men distinguished by their proficiency in the eastern tongues. I am quite ready to take the oriental learning at the valuation of the orientalist themselves. I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia."

However, no less than Arabic and Persian scholars, Sanskritists have, from one cause and another, become a numerous brotherhood, and as industrious as numerous; and their diligence, instead of abating, increases. Naturally enough, there are those among them who, from various motives, desire that the results of their researches should be imparted to the world at large. Professor Monier Williams is one of these; and his 'Indian Wisdom,' whether its effect be to stimulate curiosity or to satiate it, will, at any rate, not be censured for its meagreness. Some of the abstruser topics of Hindu literature he has touched on but lightly. That it would not have been more prudent simply to name them is a surmise which must obtrude itself on the initiated. At least, it would have been well if he had been briefer on philosophy, his copiousness touching which bears no proportion to his intelligibility. The truth is, that the real import of the Hindu philosophical systems is a thing of which we have as yet

* 'Indian Wisdom, etc. By Monier Williams, M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford.' London: Wm. H. Allen & Co.

only a few isolated ideas, and those painfully dubious. In the meantime, it is, almost certainly, but justice to the ancient philosophers of India to protest distinctly that they cannot in the nature of things have been the incomprehensible jargonists which they approve themselves in ordinary representations. In Hindu poetry, in particular, Professor Williams is much at home; and he has done the subject full and intelligent justice. His account of Hindu jurisprudence is also meritoriously executed, at least as regards the oldest and most valuable of the legal institutes. Nor is praise to be denied to the conscientious manner in which he has compiled, from multifarious sources, chiefly German, a circumstantial description of the Vedas, their appendages, and their supplements.

'Indian Wisdom' is, then, a work which, taken for all in all, we can warmly recommend to those for whom it is intended. Still, there is much in it for which we can find no conceivable justification, and which we advise its author to eliminate when he comes to a second edition. We mean its thousand and one references to Christianity, with design to evince the advance, in point of reasonableness, of the religion of the Bible over that professedly drawn from the Hindu scriptures. By nothing of this sort, as Professor Williams deals with it, will any Hindu who can read English be moved to reject one iota of his ancestral superstition. Nor are Christians, we hope, transplanted Pharisees, taking pleasure in unceasing reminders of their title to self-complacency because they are not as other men are. Moreover, in these days when carefulness in composition is so common, we have a right to look for something superior to the newspaper stamp of English which the learned professor seems to think good enough for his readers. As there are occasions when we admit a dressing-gown and slippers to be quite in place, and other occasions when we expect a dress-coat and its conventional accompaniments, similarly, however we may be patient of negligence in a familiar letter, or in a journalistic leader scribbled against time, we reckon on something considerably better in a grave book written leisurely and for duration. The errors, mostly unimportant, which we have noticed in Professor Williams's pages, in the course of a careful perusal of them, we have no room to detail. At page 97 he credits to the wrong authority the application of the epithet *hylotheistic* to the Sankhya philosophy. Again, he is mistaken in his assertion, at page 259, that the corruption of the Rig-veda-text adduced for the burning of widows has been attributed to Rag-hunandana. These, very trifles, are specimens of what it would be frivolous in us to accumulate.

SARCEY'S THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS.*

WE should imagine that M. Francisque Sarcey received his first introduction to most American readers when Mr. Henry James, jr., took the earlier issues of this series of biographies as the text of his interesting article on the Théâtre-Français contributed a year ago to the *Galaxy* and recently reprinted in his new volume of essays. In fact, although M. Sarcey has for twenty years been growing in authority as a writer, he has not until now put forth a volume calling for other than casual consideration. A graduate of the great Normal School, which he entered fifth in the class of which M. Taine and M. Edmond About were first and third, he taught until 1858, when he abandoned teaching for journalism, under the guidance of his firm friend, M. About. He has published half-a-dozen volumes, including a novel; he writes almost daily articles on contemporary politics, and he is a frequent lecturer—if so light a thing as a French *conférence* can fairly be called a lecture. But it is as a critic of the acted drama that he has made his mark. He began to criticise the stage twenty years ago, and for now twelve years he has contributed the weekly dramatic *feuilleton* to the *Temps*. Here his "authority" has steadily grown, until he has become by far the most influential critic of plays and players in Paris. And those who best know the large part the stage holds in French life and literature can judge best how important a position M. Sarcey fills thus worthily, and how fine a combination of qualities he needs must have to attain it and to keep it. As a critic M. Sarcey is honest, earnest, acute, and, above all, logical. As a writer, in mere point of style, he is generally solid, and even heavy. But when he wrote the successive chapters of the book before us he seems to have been especially inspired; his style is lighter and livelier, and at times almost epigrammatic—in short, more like a Frenchman's and less like a professor's.

'Comédiens et Comédiennes' is to consist of several series of critical biographies of the leading dramatic artists of Paris. It is the first series

only, devoted to the Théâtre-Français, and containing lives of more than twenty of its actors and actresses, which is now completed; and it is not too much to say that in this volume M. Sarcey has given to students of the stage not only one of the most readable and amusing of the many readable and amusing books about the theatre, but one of the most valuable works upon the dramatic art which we have in any language. In the twenty-four or twenty-eight pages which he devotes to each of the leading actors he briefly sketches the biography, giving the salient facts, and gliding hastily over mere gossip; then he carefully analyzes the merits of the performer, pointing out his natural advantages or defects, showing how he has availed himself of the one or conquered the other, laying bare his artistic method, and incidentally and all the time throwing light on the difficult and little understood principles of the art of acting. One rises from the reading of this series of M. Sarcey's, as from Mr. Lewes's collection of criticisms, with far clearer ideas of the art than before. Mr. Lewes (and the contrast between his work and M. Sarcey's is interesting and instructive) criticises individual actors of unusual prominence—Kean and Rachel, Lemaitre and Maeready—"stars," to use the idiom of the stage. M. Sarcey here takes up in turn the members of a company of picked performers, playing continually together, working freely under the accumulated traditions of more than two centuries, and containing artists of unusual ability, but still essentially a "stock company." The distinction between "stars" and "stock" is that which marks exactly the difference between the stage of England and the stage of France, as it does between Mr. Lewes's book and M. Sarcey's.

The first of the eighteen pamphlets bound together in the book before us is devoted to the theatre itself, the "Maison de Molière," perhaps the noblest monument ever erected to the memory of a poet. Then follow in irregular order critical biographies of MM. Regnier and Bressant and of Mme. Arnould-Plessy, who have all retired and taken final leave of the stage since M. Sarcey began to issue his pamphlet lives some two years and a half ago. Then in turn he considers Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt (the worthy successor of Rachel), Favart, Croizette, and Brohan, and MM. Got, Coquelin, Delaunay, Febvre, surely the finest phalanx of comedians ever bound together in the same theatre; Maubant and Mounet-Sully, the tragedian, M. Émile Augier's despairing appeal to whom ("Monsieur, if you only had a little less genius and a little more talent!") is here duly recorded. Other criticisms there are also of performers as yet less known. Last year, in noticing M. Legouvé's little book on the art of reading we made mention of the importance he attached to *diction*, a word which has no exact English equivalent, "delivery" being perhaps the closest synonym. M. Sarcey recurs again and again to *diction*; it is a quality indispensable at the Comédie-Française, where many if not most of the plays are in verse, abounding in sonorous lines. This skill in delivery is either a natural gift, as in the case of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, or it is only acquired in the Conservatory, whence most of the actors of the Théâtre-Français have graduated. It is not so much needed at the other theatres, and when an actor from them comes to the Français he often finds out his deficiencies for the first time. M. Febvre made this discovery, and has been striving hard for ten years, in the maturity of his career as an actor, to gain an accomplishment possessed by the stripling graduates of the Conservatory. As we are without any such institution here, the rare actors and actresses we have who can freely handle blank verse must have got their precious gift by nature.

The profit which even those most gifted by nature may derive from the severities of criticism, just or unjust, is well shown by two of M. Sarcey's anecdotes. One is of M. Got, perhaps the strongest and (to carry out the author's suggestion) the most philosophic of French comedians. On his first appearance he acted very badly; two days later he read a very severe criticism of his performance, immediately after which he met the writer of it, one Charles Maurice, a journalist now forgotten, but then known for his biting wit and base venality. He asked the actor why he had not called on him. M. Got, discouraged and reckless, replied that he did not know his address. "Why not come to the office of the paper—for I have a paper?" asked Maurice. "The fact is, monsieur," replied M. Got, "I am poor, and I have no money to pay the *claque*!" For this the journalist never forgave the actor, but he was a most useful enemy. "He had," said M. Got to M. Sarcey, "a marvellous skill in finding the weak points of an actor and an incomparable malignity in setting them forth. I corrected myself of many faults through his criticisms—which cost me nothing. It was clear profit." In the second case the critic was M. Sarcey himself, and the criticised was Madame Arnould-Plessy, the most polished and consummate of all actresses of comedy. She chose one day to play *Agrippina* in Racine's tragedy, "Britannicus." "I shall not

* 'Comédiens et Comédiennes': La Comédie-Française. Notices par F. Sarcey. Portraits d'Artistes gravés à l'eau-forte par L. Gaucherel. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. New York: F. W. Christern. 1877.

say," wrote M. Sarcy in his next Monday's *feuilleton*, "that Madame Plessy is mediocre. With her intelligence, with her natural gifts, with her immense authority over the public, she could not in any way be mediocre. She is therefore not mediociously bad. She is bad to an inexpressible degree." He then proceeded to prove his assertion. A few days later, finding Madame Plessy at a friend's house, he concealed himself as best he could, but she came straight to him, holding out her hand while she smiled like a heroine of Marivaux. "You are right," she said, "you might have told the truth more amiably, but it was the truth. My friends and I were wrong, and I shall not again risk myself in a tragic part. I thank you." And with a grand curtsy she left him stupefied, for never in his twenty years' experience as a critic had he ever had such an experience.

Of the eighteen etchings by M. Léon Gaucherel it is possible to speak in terms of high praise. One of them is a view of the *Maison de Molière* itself, and serves as a heading to the introductory chapter; it is an effective and even a poetic rendering of the building which houses so many precious memories and traditions. The seventeen other etchings are full-length portraits in character of the leading performers. In some few cases the characters are not well chosen; M. Febvre, for instance, and Mlle. Reichemberg are depicted in the parts in "L'Ami Fritz," a play of merely fortuitous success, not likely to last. In general, however, those selected are worthy of pictorial record; Mmes. Plessy and Brohan are represented in "La Critique de l'École des Femmes" of Molière, and M. Delannay in "Le menteur" of Corneille. M. Gaucherel has contributed etchings of the same size as these to the little *Almanach des Spectacles* which we have had occasion to commend; his portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt in the *Almanach* of two years ago is perhaps even more characteristic than it is here. "Comédiens et Comédiennes" is an exquisite specimen of printing, well worthy of the reputation of M. Jouaust's press. Unfortunately there is neither index nor continuous paging, each of the eighteen parts being independently numbered.

Voyage of the Paper Canoe: A Geographical Journey of 2,500 miles, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, during the years 1874-5. By Nathaniel H. Bishop, author of "One Thousand Miles' Walk across South America," and corresponding member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the New York Academy of Sciences. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1878.)—The latter half of the nineteenth century, besides many other interesting peculiarities which distinguish it from other half centuries, is remarkable for the number and variety of persons whom it has produced ready to go through any amount of arduous labor, privation, and discipline in order to perform feats requiring extraordinary endurance or skill. It is an age more prolific in men who can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours; ride three hundred and five miles in fifteen hours, with fifty horses only; break nine hundred and eighty-seven glass balls out of a possible thousand at fifty paces; waltz eighteen hours without stopping, or perform other apparently impossible and useless feats, than any of the preceding ages. We may see the germs, perhaps, of this remarkable development in the first fifty years of the century; but the immaturity of that period could not be better shown than by the great *célut* won by Byron in swimming the Hellespont—a performance now considered by gentlemen who devote themselves to swimming little more remarkable than wading across a trout stream. Swimming the English Channel is the least nowadays that a man can do to be talked about; and it seems hardly beyond belief that by the process of natural selection which is always going on in these matters, swimmers may, before long, make their appearance who will be able to get across the Mediterranean, if not the Atlantic, eating, drinking, and sleeping by the way. It was announced the other day that a prominent "walkist" had made an agreement to walk, in two years, a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, and there is little reason to doubt that some one else could be found to undertake a distance equal to the diameter of the sun in a correspondingly short period. Most of the feats to which we have referred are the work of professionals, and are therefore regarded by the mass of mankind with unenvious wonder, like the performances of a circus. They have discovered that the modern means of publicity are so great that by calling one's self a "professor" and being one's own manager, a larger audience and income may be obtained than by vulgarly merging one's identity in that of a "company" or a "troupe," or joining what Barnum calls an "Academy of object-teaching." There are, however, another class of persons who are also given over to feats of the same sort, but who are simple amateurs. They do not walk, swim, ride, shoot,

waltz, or row for a livelihood, but for the pleasure of the thing. Partly for what Mr. Ruskin would deem the base and degraded pleasure of enjoying the poor satisfaction of having done something that no one has ever done before, and partly from what seems to us a very laudable desire to test their own powers of endurance and skill, they undertake feats which no amateurs of previous generations have ever attempted. To the world at large it certainly seems of very little utility that a man should have pulled in a canoe from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico. But, in the first place, the use in cases of this sort is primarily self-regarding; and to say that a feat which tests, and therefore strengthens, the courage or skill of the person who sets himself the task is useless because it is useless to other persons, is quite beside the point. Moreover, who can say how far in the long run experiments of this sort may benefit the human race, for whose interests we are all so unselfishly striving and longing? In the inscrutable dispensations of Providence collective humanity might profit even by such canoeing as this.

To the class of amateur performances of which we have been speaking the cruise of Captain and Mrs. Crapo in their whaleboat might at first sight appear to belong, but after seeing them and their boat on exhibition at Gilmore's Garden in this city we have fears lest their European trip may have been undertaken not altogether without an eye to the main chance. With regard to the voyage of the paper canoe, however, described in Mr. Bishop's volume, there can be no doubt; the trip appears to have been undertaken solely for the purpose of accomplishing a difficult feat. The trip was not, as might be imagined, made on the high seas, but almost entirely on inland waters; for, strange as it may seem to those not familiar with the American coast, there is almost a continuous line of islands, or what are islands at high water, stretching from New York to Florida, while across that peninsula to the Gulf there is a nearly continuous line of water communication. Behind these islands it is easy enough for a small, light boat like a paper canoe to find all the water that she needs. His book is the log of his voyage along this singular highway, with a good deal of description of one sort and another of the country through which his route lay. To a canoeist his log is interesting, but the rest of the book can hardly be called so. Probably no canoe-trip in the world could be selected which would be so long, pass through a country so devoid of interest, and expose the voyager to so much peril of the least romantic kind—from snakes and malaria. Regarded as a feat, the trip may be considered a great success. We have little doubt that Mr. Bishop will remain during life the only canoeist who has ever accomplished it. It appears from the book that it is only one of a number of "geographical journeys" made by this energetic voyager.

One interesting piece of information the author gives with regard to the timber-thieves of the South, whom Congress has recently intervened to protect. It appears that in a certain region in Florida one of the most prominent of the citizens was a stalwart timber-thief, who "operated" on a large scale, and grew so rich that he gained the respect and esteem of all his friends and neighbors. His fame spread far and wide, and came to the ears of the Government, and by and by the United States sent an agent down to look into his case. The agent was surprised to find the citizen very anxious to pay the Government the due amount of "stumpage." He explained that he had mistaken the boundary line between the Government lands and his own adjoining property, and admitted that it was difficult to calculate the exact number of acres over which his depredations had extended. The agent thought it was about a thousand, but the penitent timber-thief assured him that that was too little, and finally forced the agent, who was astonished at such evidences of good faith, to take payment for four or five thousand acres. The agent went back to Washington, and the eminent citizen went on with his depredations. Seeing that he had not ceased to cut timber, his neighbors gathered about him and enquired the reason. He thereupon explained to them that he had only before cut one thousand acres, but that he held a receipt from the Government for five thousand, at a very low price, and since no power under heaven could now stop him, he proposed to cut the remaining four thousand.

A Manual of the Anatomy of Invertebrate Animals. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.)—For some time it has been impossible to recommend without a sense of guilt any English book as giving a compendious account of the invertebrate animals. Gegenbaur's "Elements of Comparative Anatomy" had not been rendered into English, though there was a good French translation

of the edition of 1870 by Carl Vogt. It has been a time when it was especially hard to write a text-book. Morphological knowledge has been advancing very fast during the last twenty years under the influence of the views of development which diffused themselves so rapidly on the appearance of Mr. Darwin's 'Origin of Species' in 1859. This advance has been due, naturally, to the direct logical outcome of these views in remoulding the form in which facts already ascertained were to be preserved and presented, in changing the estimates of the comparative value of facts, and in giving rise to general philosophical views on biological questions of all sorts, but also and especially it has been due to the happier direction which was thus given to observation, to the greater activity thus aroused among biologists of all kinds, and to the great accessions of students which it brought into their ranks. The result of the rapid growth has been that while the need of new text-books was much increased it was necessary to the success of such a text-book that it should be brought up to the times from an acquaintance with a vast amount of periodical zoological literature, and that the reputation of the author should be such as to give it a sale and make it pay for itself before it became antiquated.

This book of Huxley's leaves little now to be desired. It is not at all

inferior to the similar work of Gegenbaur. It begins with a general presentation of the more important views of life and living things, and this, like the rest of the book, is marked by a wise caution. Among the more important features we note with pleasure the adoption of the Metazoa as a natural group. The pile of taxonomical refuse known as Vermes is broken up and distributed, though the exact form of the distribution needs confirmation, for this is one of the most difficult problems in general zoological classification. Balanoglossus, the Tunicates, and the Vertebrates are united into one group as Pharyngopneusta. At least it is fairly to be inferred from what is said in the text that the Vertebrates are to be included, though the statement is not directly made, apparently for the reason that the work is upon the Invertebrates alone. The Polyzoa, Brachiopoda, and Mollusca are placed under the head of Malacozoa. These are things on which we are glad to have the sanction of Prof. Huxley's authority. The duress of the Cuvierian four sub-kingdoms is almost a thing of the past.

Of course the book is one of detail, and there is nothing left but to congratulate ourselves on the timely appearance of this new contribution of Prof. Huxley's to the diffusion of knowledge, and so to its advancement.

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